By this one bloodie triall of ſharpe warre.
1. *Lor.* Euery mans conſcience is a thouſand ſwords
To fight against that bloody homicide.
2. *Lor.* I doubt not but his friends will flie to vs.
3. *Lor.* He hath no friends, but who are friends for feare,
Which in his greateſt need will ſhrinke from him.
Rich. All for our vantage, then in, Gods name march,
True hope is ſwift, and flies with ſwallowes wings,
Kings it make Gods, and meaner creatures kings.
Enter K. Richard, Norff. Ratcliffe, Catesby, with others.
King. Here pitch our tents, euen here in Boſworth field,
Why how now Catesby, why looke ſt thou ſo ſad?
Cat. My heart is ten times lighter then my lookes.
King. Norffolke, come hither?
Norffolke, we muſt haue knockes, ha, muſt we not?
Nor. We muſt both giue and take, my gracious Lord.
King. Vp with my tent there, here will I lye to night,
But where to morrow? well all is one for that:
Who hath deſcried the number of the foe?
Nor. Sixe or ſeuen thouſand is their greateſt number.
King. Why our battalion trebels that account,
Beſides, the kings name is a tower of ſtrength,
Which they vpon the aduerſe partie want:
Vp with my tent there, valiant gentlemen,
Let vs ſuruey the vantage of the field,
Call for ſome men of ſound direction,
Lets want no diſcipline, make no delay,
For Lords, to morrow is a buſie day. *Exeunt.*
Enter Richmond with the Lords.
Rich. The wearie Sunne hath made a golden ſeate,
And by the bright tracke of his fierie Carre,
Giues ſignall of a goodly day to morrow:
Where is ſir William *Brandon*, he ſhall beare my ſtanderd,
The Earle of Pembrooke keepe his regiment,
Good Captaine *Blunt*, beare my good night to him,
And by the ſecond houre in the morning,
Deſire the Earle to ſee me in my tent,
Yet one thing more, good *Blunt* before thou goeſt,
Where is Lord Stanley quarterd, doeſt thou know?
Blunt, Vnles *I* haue miſtane his colours much, Which

*W*hich well I am aſſured I haue not done,
His regiment lieth halfe a mile at leaſt,
South from the mightie power of the king.
Rich. If without perill it be poſſible,
Good captain Blunt beare my good night to him,
And giue him from me, this moſt needful ſcrowle.
Blunt. Vpon my life my Lord, *I*le vnder take it.
Rich. Farewell good Blunt,
Giue me ſome *I*nke and paper in my tent,
*I*le draw the forme and modle of our battell,
Limit each leader to his ſeuerall charge,
And part in iuſt proportion our ſmall ſtrength:
Come, let vs conſult vpon to morrowes buſineſſe,
In to our tent, the aire is rawe and cold.
Enter K. Richard, Norff. Ratcliffe, Catesby.
King. What is a clocke?
Cat. *I*t is ſixe of the clocke, full ſupper time.
King. *I* will not ſup to night, giue me ſome *I*nke & paper,
*W*hat is my beuer eaſier then it was?
And all my armor laid into my tent?
Cat. *I*t is my liege, and all things are in readineſſe.
King. Good Norffoke hie thee to thy charge,
Vſe carefull watch, chuſe truſtie Centinell.
Nor. I goe my Lord.
King. Stur with the Larke to morrow gentle Norffolke.
Nor. I warrant you my Lord.
King. Catesbie.
Rat. My Lord.
King. Send out a Purſeuant at armes
To Stanleys regement, bid him bring his power
Before Sun riſing, leaſt his ſonne George fall
*I*nto the blinde caue of eternall night.
Fill me a bowle of wine, giue me a watch,
Saddle white Surrey for the field to morrow,
Looke thet my ſtaues be ſound and not too heauy Ratliffe.
Rat. My Lord.
King. Saweſt thou the melancholy L. Northumberlande
Rat. Thomas the Earle of Surrey and himſelfe,
Much about Cockſhut time, from troupe to troupe